

No. 3313 64th Year
SUNDAY, APRIL 29, 1945

The People

OVER 3,000,000 CERTIFIED SALE

[Registered at the G.P.O.]

2D.

LATE
SPECIAL
EDITION

Bottled Proverbs

HP sauce

—a bottle in the hand is
worth two in the shop.
Unobtainable in London and the
S.E. Counties.

Munich Revolt Reported, As Hitler's Empire Falls To Bits

SURRENDER OFFER HERALDS END OF TOPPLING REICH

BY OUR DIPLOMATIC CORRESPONDENT

THE Third Reich, planned by Hitler to endure for a thousand years, is toppling now on the abyss of final destruction. It is going to its doom in a welter of rumoured revolution, of total surrender feelers and of reported assassination of the men who led it through years of battle to its end.

Munich Revolt

Mystery

REBELS SEIZE RADIO STATION

UNITS of the 3rd U.S.

Army, racing southward to Munich, picked up yesterday dramatic calls from the city radio for help to overthrow the Nazis and for Allied planes to bomb Kesselring's H.Q.

The sensational broadcasts reported that a "Bavarian freedom movement" had taken over the city and thrown out the Nazi administration.

A station broadcasting on the old Munich wavelength said Kesselring's 70-year-old State Commissioner for Bavaria, "had decided to break off the fight, which has become senseless, against the Americans and their Allies."

At the same time, Paul Gieseler, Nazi Gauleiter of Munich and Upper Bavaria, broadcast from a South German station that "a small clique, spreading treasonable news north of the Danube, were trying to convey the impression that they had seized control of Munich."

"Apart from a small gang, nobody has the slightest intention of making an end to the struggle," he said.

"New Leadership"

"In this hour," said the "Freedom Movement" broadcast, "there is but one thing that matters, namely, calmly and with faith in the new leadership, to see to it that the bloodshed is discontinued and that the calamity which has befallen the German people is not aggravated by a fight between Germans and Germans."

"Preserve calm and order, thereby making it possible for the new leadership to bring life back to normal as quickly as possible." Later Munich radio was heard in Zurich stating that the station had been temporarily occupied by German rebels. Then came an announcement that the revolution had been suppressed, and calling on the Munich people to continue resistance.

40,000 Germans In River Trap

Supreme H.Q., Saturday. GENERAL DEMPSEY'S 2nd Army has now completely mopped up the dock area in Bremen and the 52nd (Lowland) and 43rd Divisions are pushing eastward.

The Third Division, moving above Wesel, has captured Seehausen, three miles north-west of Wesel, while the German salient between Zeven and Bremen is now being reduced.

According to reports from the 2nd Army, the estimated number of German troops left between the Weser and Ems Rivers is 40,000.—Exchange Telegraph.

Laval Loses

Famous Moustache Pierre Laval, French Quisling Number One, now on the run, has twice repeated his request for permission to enter Switzerland without success.

He is reported to have cut off his famous moustache, says a B.U.P. cable from Zurich.

SNOW IN THE STRAITS

Snow fell at intervals yesterday morning in the Straits of Dover and although there were sunny intervals the temperature at mid-day was as low as 47.

The world last night waited expectantly and tensely for the end, as message after message, flashing over cables and wireless waves, pointed to the swift and complete dissolution of the remnants of the shattered Nazi empire. Those pointers were:—

(1) An offer of unconditional surrender from Himmler to Britain and U.S.A., but not to Russia. Reaction in London and Washington was swift. Only unconditional surrender to all the Allies was acceptable.

Himmler's offer was revealed by official circles in San Francisco, where the United Nations are hammering out plans for lasting world peace. The move, regarded as a last-minute attempt to split the Big Three, is understood to have the backing of the German High Command, but not of Hitler and of those Nazi leaders still loyal to him.

"FRONT LINE GONE"

Linked Up On Broad Front

TWO more Russian and American divisions met after the first junction between the two armies at Torgau, Moscow paper "Red Star" said yesterday.

"The link-up of our Armies on a broad front became a fact," it added.

"Pravda" made this comment on the link-up:— "The German manoeuvring in space for shortening the front line has come to an end. The front line has been shortened to the limit. It has been shortened into non-existence."

It is not expected in London that the link-up will involve changes in commands of the Allied Armies, and there is no likelihood of the appointment of a new generalissimo, as in the closing stages of the last war.

There will probably be frequent consultations between the chiefs of the British, American and Russian Forces for operational purposes.

French Vote Today

From JOSEPH GRIGG, B.U.P. Correspondent

Paris, Saturday.

AFTER one of the quietest and most half-hearted electoral campaigns in French history 23,000,000 French men and women voters will go to the polls tomorrow to choose some 600,000 municipal councillors.

These are the first elections in France since 1936 and the first held in any liberated country since the Nazi yoke was thrown off.

Another U-Boat Sunk

ANOTHER U-boat has gone to the bottom.

The Admiralty announced last night that while on patrol in the North Atlantic H.M. Yacht Evadne detected a submerged U-boat and severely damaged it with depth charges.

Minesweepers Recruit and Fincher were escorting a convoy encountered a U-boat on the surface near the same spot.

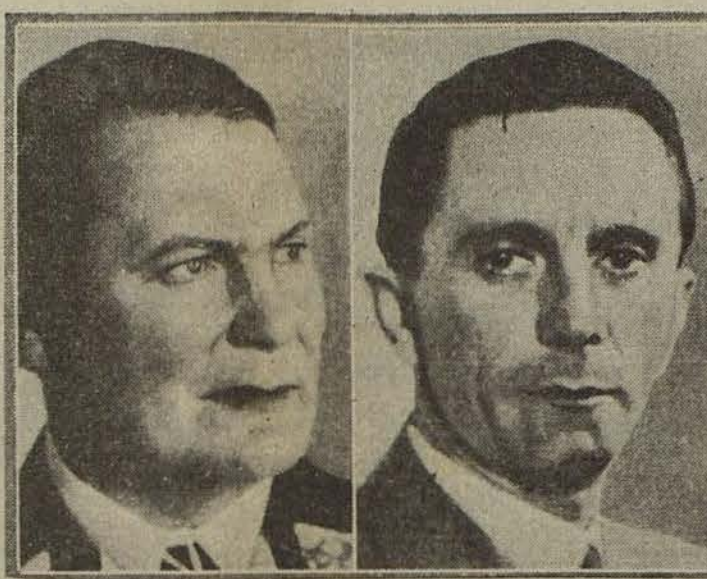
Salvos from the minesweepers' guns demolished the U-boat's gun and after repeated hits on the conning tower and superstructure the enemy crew abandoned ship.

Soon afterwards the U-boat sank. Survivors were picked up.

The Queen At Her Niece's Wedding

The Queen, with Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret, was present at the wedding of her niece, Miss Rosemary Bowes-Lyon, at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, yesterday.

The bride who is the daughter of the Hon. Fergus Bowes-Lyon, who was killed in the last war, married Mr. Edward Wilfred George Joicey-Cecil, son of the late Lord Joicey-Cecil.



GOERING

GOEBBELS

Even Pigeons Are Singed

Last Hours In Blazing Berlin

From DUNCAN HOOPER, Reuter's Special Correspondent

Moscow, Saturday.

SEWERS blocked with corpses, tree-lined avenues ablaze from end to end, pigeons flying with flames singeing their feathers—this is the picture of Berlin given me by men who have watched the death agony of Hitler's once-proud capital.

Rumour Says—

HITLER, GOERING, GOEBBELS DEAD

Swiss Frontier,

Saturday.

THE possibility that Hitler, Goering and Goebbels were all killed in Berlin at the same time is suggested by people now crossing into Switzerland from Germany.—B.U.P.

Umberto Hails New Soviet Envoy

FOURTEEN MONTHS after his appointment as Soviet Ambassador, M. Mikhail Kostylev yesterday formally presented his credentials to Prince Umberto, Lieutenant of the Realm, as head of the Italian State.

M. Kostylev said he would make every effort to assist the development of friendly relations and mutual comprehension.

Prince Umberto, in reply, expressed his conviction that Italy's relations with the Soviet, which had been initiated happily, would be progressively developed and strengthened in accordance with the interests of two countries which were not divided by any disagreement, adds a Reuter cable from Rome.

For days and nights they have lived in shelters, cellars, basements. Now they come out, pale and shaken, to pick their way to the quieter areas behind the front.

They stop here and there to loot shoes and clothing from wrecked shops. In dark alleyways there are piles of German uniforms discarded by men of the Wehrmacht and Volksturm who have donned civilian clothes and are trying to make their way out of the city.

Nearly every day a manhole cover on a pavement is pushed aside and a dirty hand waving a white flag appears. Another German group has decided that surrender is better than death for the Fuehrer.—Reuter.

GEN. PILE IMPROVING General Sir Frederick Pile, Director-General of Housing, who is suffering from food poisoning, was stated today to be "going on satisfactorily."

TRYING TO SPLIT ALLIES

HIMMLER's offer of surrender to the Western Allies, but not to the Russians, is the last attempt by Nazi leaders to make mischief between the Allies, writes Reuter's Continental observer.

It is in line with the actions of Germany's rulers in recent weeks, including those which have been proclaimed in Hitler's name.

It was an order to German troops, signed by Adolf Hitler

and issued on April 16, which first asked the German Army to fight a decisive battle in the East without mentioning the Western Front any more.

It was again Hitler who was credited by Goebbels a week later with the "decision of historic significance" to withdraw troops from the West to throw them into the battle for Berlin.

VIA STOCKHOLM

Only a week before the opening of the Allied offensive across the Rhine, a similar "peace" offer was carried to Stockholm in

the names of Hitler and Himmler by Dr. Fritz Hesse.

The one further condition then attached to it was that these two should be left in power.

The fact that Hitler is not mentioned in the latest move may be due to the realisation that the Allies would never treat with him or to a desire not to connect his name with the shame of surrender.

The offer confirms that the Nazis have recognised the impossibility of prolonged "redoubt" resistance and are now trying to save their political future by an eleventh-hour offer of despair.



HITLER

Eden Is "Big Noise"

Our 'Nap' Hand At 'Frisco

From Harold Hutchinson

B.U.P. Correspondent

San Francisco, Saturday.

ALREADY this looks like being Britain's conference. In four days it has become plain that Mr. Eden is the key diplomat here.

The United States and Russia meet on common ground only through Mr. Eden's efforts. Britain's diplomatic position has never been so strong, and neither has her role in the future been so clearly shown as in the last four days.

Britain, in fact, is the bridge without which the conference could collapse.

On one occasion already Mr. Eden's unruffled manners prevented a tense situation from becoming bitter. As it was, M. Molotov sharply reminded the Mexican Foreign Minister that this war had been fought by four Powers and not by forty-six.

The position this week-end is that the Polish question has been by-passed by the Procedure Committee's refusal to discuss the proposal that Poland should be represented at the conference, and that Russia has retreated from the first term position she took up, but has got a consolation prize in acceptance of the representation of the Ukraine and White Russia.

Now the conference can really get down to work.

30,000 POW's Held In Alps

Zurich, Saturday.

ABOUT 30,000 British and American prisoners of war have been carried off by the Germans into the Bavarian and Austrian Alps.

This is the estimate given by Dr. Feldscher, the Swiss Minister, who has just set out for the German redoubt where, as the representative of the Protecting Powers, he will look after the interests of the Western Allies.

Dr. Feldscher said it was not possible to ascertain the exact figures owing to the general chaos.—Reuter.

Thoughtless

Smokers' Trail Of Ruin

Careless smokers are known to have caused 233 fires in ten English areas in the month of March.

THEY'VE PLAYED THEIR LAST CARDS!

The men whose lives and actions have bequeathed to posterity a chapter of savagery and degradation without parallel in human history.



HIMMLER

MUSSOLINI

Drive To Austrian Border

YANKS ARE IN REDOUBT

By AUSTIN BEALMEAR, A.P. Correspondent

Supreme Allied H.Q., Paris, Saturday.

SPEARHEADS of the American Seventh Army smashed into Hitler's southern redoubt today, reaching the Austrian frontier 50 miles south-west of Munich.

Both the Seventh and Third Armies hammered the northern perimeter of the mountain pocket, and front-line dispatches indicated that its outer defences were crumbling fast.

Augsburg, third city of Bavaria, fell to the Seventh Army, while General Patch's troops reached the Austrian border at Fussen, well into the western end of the redoubt, and 20 miles south-east of their last reported positions at Kempten.

Authorities here said the redoubt covers most of the Austrian "panhandle" and the similar area north of the border in Southern Bavaria.

The Allied threat to Munich, the Bavarian capital, increases hourly.

While the city was being torn by internal strife, the Seventh Army was less than 30 miles away to the west, and the Third Army drove to within 30 miles of the city from the north.

Mussolini Was Caught In Hun Garb

Mussolini was disguised as a German soldier when he was captured by Customs guards at Lecco, near Lake Como. He was travelling alone in a car which was mixed up with a column of about 30 German vehicles, according to the Free Milan Radio, quoted by Reuter.

The priest and the Burgomaster led the townspeople before the house of the Nazi leader and pleaded that the city should be surrendered and bloodshed avoided. The police were ordered to break up the demonstration and the leaders were arrested.

Peace Cry: Hanged

BEFORE leaving Regensburg S.S. men hanged the Roman Catholic priest and Burgomaster who had led a peace demonstration of thousands of women and children through the wrecked streets of the old Danube fortress, Luxembourg radio reported yesterday.

MORE LIGHTS UP

The faces of the great clock at the Houses of Parliament will be illuminated tomorrow night.



CADBURYS

BOURNVILLE
COCOA

How to make RATIONS FOR ONE go f-u-r-t-h-e-r

Planning meals is usually easier with several ration books than with just one. But the woman (or man) living alone has this advantage, that she has only her own tastes to consider. The following suggestions show what can be done with a little ingenuity. Women who are alone during the day will also find these hints useful.

What to do when you have to take your meat ration as—

BREAST OF LAMB: Boil and remove surplus fat (rendering the fat down for dripping). Make a savoury stuffing, spread on the meat and roll up. Tie or skewer firmly. This can then be baked, roasted or braised. If it is roasted, cook slowly.

SCRAP END OF LAMB OR NECK OF VEAL: Use it for a stew or casserole with plenty of vegetables (leeks are very good) and some dried beans and peas. Use herbs for flavouring and a dash of vinegar from the pickle bottle.

POULTRY: Make it into a stew or casserole, using plenty of vegetables and some dried beans or peas. Or braise it on a bed of vegetables and serve pork sausages with it.

POINTS CHANGES

MEAT: CANNED LUNCHEON MEATS—5lb. from 88 to 120; 4lb. from 57 to 88; 3lb. from 43 to 64; 2lb. from 35 to 52; 1lb. from 15 to 22; 12oz. from 11 to 17. Any other size or sliced from 15 to 24 points per lb.

CANNED BEANS: (in tomato or vegetable sauce)—A1 or 16oz. from 3 to 4; A2 from 3 to 4; A3 from 3 to 4; 2oz. from 3 to 4. Any other size or loose from 3 to 4 points per lb. (This list and A1 cans remain at 2 and 3 points per can respectively.)

BISCUITS—MATSOS: from 1 to 2 points per lb.

There will be no change in the value of coupons.

DRIED EGGS: From April 29th onwards, the allocation of Dried Eggs will be one packet per ration book every four weeks; two for holders of green ration books.

THIS IS WEEK 61—THE FIRST WEEK OF RATION PERIOD No. 11 (April 29 to May 26)

ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1. FOOD FACTS No. 25

FOOD FACTS



Suggestions for easily made main-meal dishes

MIXED GRILL: 1asher of bacon, 1 sausage, a slice liver as a base, fried potato and peas or beans.

SARDINE AND EGG SCRAMBLE: 1 small knob of fat; ½ small leek, chopped finely; 1½ level tablespoons dried egg, reconstituted; 1 level tablespoon chopped parsley; salt, pepper, and pinch of mustard; 2 teaspoons vinegar; 3 sardines. Try leek in fat, add egg, seasoning and parsley, and scramble in usual way. Mash sardines with vinegar, add to egg and mix well.

For four-week period No. 11 April 29th to May 26th.

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Problem From The Torture Camps

“They gave him a stick and he swung it as the beasts who had tortured him had cracked their whips...”

“He had beaten his friends; he had terrorised and tortured his fellow victims... for a double ration of soup.”

NAZI SLAVE TURNED JAILER

By WILLI FRISCHAUER

HIS hand shook as he wrote his report; his lips quivered as he recalled in his mind what he had seen, even though it was more than forty-eight hours ago that he had returned from a visit to Buchenwald, the Nazi concentration camp, where tens of thousands of Nazi victims had perished.

Words did not seem capable of conveying the scene of rotten bodies sprawling on the barren ground; of living dead walking in a trance, women wandering around, lost, within a small compound, men murmuring unintelligible sounds.

“And there are people who still cannot believe,” he said, “when I tell them about the horror camps from which I have just come away. They can’t believe; I can’t forget!”

It was a responsible person whose word would not be doubted by his forest enemies. And the story he told of Buchenwald surpassed in details even what has already been said.

“Propaganda?” he asked. “Surely there is no need to make ‘propaganda,’ to spread atrocity stories when you’ve already won the war! Anybody who has watched our men getting ravaged mad at what they have seen would understand...”

But there are things in this grim experience that are truly almost impossible to understand. Take the case of Alfred W., a prisoner at Buchenwald, such as few civilised people ever thought they would hear about.

Among the living corpses in the compound, Alfred, a German, looked comparatively well fed. Yet he had been in this—and other camps for over ten years.

You could, if you scrutinised his appearance, still discover the traces of a fierce political fighter, of a German anti-Nazi who had played his part in the political struggle against Hitler in Hamburg.

The barbed-wire net which Hitler threw over Germany in 1933 and 1934 soon roped him in.

Terrifying Ordeals

There were dark cells as punishment for the slightest offence against the inhuman camp rules; and more than once Alfred lost consciousness hanging on a post by his arms, tied behind his back, when his S.S. section N.C.O. felt like playing cat and mouse with one of his charges.

It went on for years—for four years to be exact—until the Wehrmacht’s conquest of Austria brought a huge new influx of prisoners into Buchenwald.

Into barracks intended to hold fifty men, five hundred were sandwiched like sardines; rations

Not a picture of Buchenwald, or of any of the other torture camps, but, by way of contrast, prisoners released by American troops from one of the few camps where the victims emerged looking like human beings.

meant for fifty were divided amongst them.

And the S.S. guards who were not as yet allowed to kill their charges off outright looked almost powerless when confronted with the frantic, heaving mass of human misery in stench and darkness, sick, hungry, terrified, mad under the shock of their experiences.

The horror, to one who had seen the emaciated prisoners, rousing in the hour of release to take revenge on one of their own men, is indescribable.

Moral Degradation

Yet it happened. Alfred, within a few years still a prisoner, had descended into a moral depth deeper than that in which the true Nazis dwelled.

He had beaten his friends; he had terrorised and tortured his fellow victims—for a double ration of soup, for a few bread-crumbs, for dear life. He had stooped lower than his Nazi masters.

Here the story ends. I do not think it needs any comment. What are you going to do with these Germans who have adapted themselves to the foul habits of their Nazi torturers, who compensated themselves for their own sufferings by playing “Herrvolk” among their fellow-slaves?

he heard Napoleon described in a similar phrase, Talleyrand replied. When Napoleon returns from the grave after three days I will worship him. That is my reply to Herr von Ribbentrop’s speech.”

Then the King, when meeting at Knowlsey the Lord Mayor of Manchester—that was when Alderman Joe Toole filled the civic seat—pressed him to tell the story of how, at a dinner at which he met von Ribbentrop and saw his Nazi salute, Toole pulled down his hand, shook it, and said:

“That is how we behave in Manchester.”

“I wish I had thought of doing that when he came to my house,” said the King, “because he did the ‘Heil Hitler’ salute to me!”

“APPEASING” PETAIN

NOW that Petain has given himself up for trial as a traitor, it is strange to recall how, for months after his betrayal, I used to read in religious papers how he was “a good man who goes to church,” and how the Foreign Office was then stopping all criticism of the Marshal from being cabled to newspapers in overseas Dominions.

I ended that censorship by printing a cable which had been stopped from reaching the Sydney Daily Mirror. Yet it was only a copy of something which had appeared in a London newspaper.

As a result the Foreign Office suddenly withdrew its ban—and sent the cable, two days late, at its own expense.

When the London papers were condemning Petain for his treachery, the Foreign Office was, in relation to him, still going in for “appeasement.”

PARADOXES OF TODAY

ALTHOUGH an Italian prisoner, probably a poor dupe of Mussolini, was given a three-months’ sentence for sorting with a woman in this country, the lunch given by Churchill to Prince Umberto, who fled the attack on France, in the Embassy in Rome, was hailed as “diplomacy.”

Among those sent to San Francisco to report a conference on which the future of the world depends is—Bob Hope!

London’s most exciting scene during a week of historic events was caused by a crowd of hectic women outside Ivor Novello’s dressing-room after “Perchance to Dream.” Ah, there’s the rub!

After all the yearning, the preparation for “Lights Up,” the most scarcely more lighted windows in most London streets than there were during a raid.

War-Time Gardening

By RICHARD SUDELL

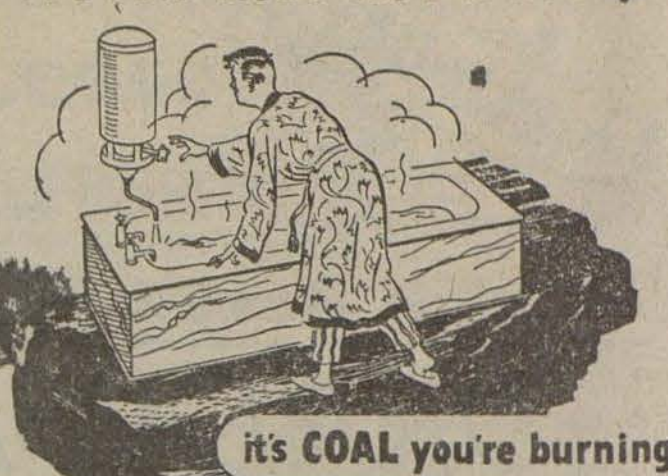
FROSTS are still a danger to tender crops. Where early potatoes are above soil draw a little fine earth over the tops.

In Southern gardens French and runner beans can be sown. Set seeds 2 in. deep.

Before sowing Marrows in small pots in rich soil in cold frame, to be planted out when the soil is warm.

Another method with marrows is to make a hollow in the soil where they are to grow. Sow three seeds 8 in. apart in a shallow and cover.

Watch that hot water!



it’s COAL you’re burning

Whether your bath water is heated by gas or electricity—the source of the heat is coal. Bear this in mind. The country’s coal stocks have to be built up again after the exceptional demands of a severe winter. So turn off hot water just as soon as possible—always.

CUT YOUR GAS & ELECTRICITY

THEY BOTH COME FROM COAL!

Issued by the Ministry of Fuel and Power

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IS THIS YOUR TYPE?



If you're constipated, it's probably due to lack of "bulk" in your diet. Your food gets almost completely absorbed into the system, and the waste matter left behind in the intestine is too bulky enough for the muscles to "take hold of." You cease to work, and you get constipated. All-Brans is a natural bulk food. By supplying the bulk that muscles need to take hold of, All-Brans brings about a thorough and natural movement. Eat All-Brans for breakfast, drink plenty of fluids, and say good-bye to constipation! Ad. 3, 3 points.

KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN

This is the 1st week of Ration Period No. 11.

Silvikrin DOES GROW HAIR

The demand for Silvikrin preparations is greater than the stocks available and is likely to remain so until conditions are easier. So use Silvikrin carefully—make it go as far as possible.

SILVIKRIN LABORATORIES, LONDON - N.16

Summary of REPORT FOR 1944

Total Income £11,200,000

Total Claims already Paid £73,000,000

Total Assets, being provision for future Payments to Policyholders £63,700,000

ROYAL LONDON

MUTUAL INSURANCE SOCIETY LTD

LIFE & ENDOWMENT ASSURANCE

Head Office: ROYAL LONDON HOUSE, FINSBURY SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.2



“We’re thanking those fighting lads of ours by keeping our weekly War Savings right up to scratch.”

ET’S SAVE AS HARD AS THEY FIGHT

Issued by the National Savings Committee

As Hammer Sees It

ANATION is dying under our eyes. Self-condemned but impatient, Germany is committing suicide. Nazism is dead.

trapped gangster retreating to the last dogway in an alley hemmed in by G-men, is dying amid the ruins of bossdom.

Never did Tyranny fall so low from such a height. Never did Mankind have so terrible a lesson. Disillusioned, bankrupt, destroyed, what was called German civilisation has perished for ever. Not in Man’s lifetime on this planet did a country lose, in such havoc, its chief cities, its machinery, and all its means of rehabilitation and face, as Germany now does, decades of misery, shame and abasement.

If you could visualise, in one glimpse, the ruin caused by the Vandals, the Goths and the Huns—by Attila and Genghis Khan and the hordes who sacked Rome—it would not equal the destruction that the Nazis have brought on their own land and their own people.

Where is Babylon? Where is Carthage? The vultures forgot, centuries ago. Now—where is Berlin?

This Is Private Moto, The

REAL YELLOW PERIL!



Typical Jap Prisoners



A. W. HELLIWELL

PPRIVATE YAMA MOTO squats miserably on his haunches in the hot sunshine behind the wire net of the prisoner of war cage. His bony elbows rest on his knees, and his shaven head is cupped in thin, parchment-yellow hands.

Moto has remained in the same tranced attitude, his motionless, unblinking and evil-looking as a poised cobra, all the long morning. His bowl of rice and meat is full, and although the air has a bakery oven heat up in the stifling hundreds, his water chugge is untouched.

Private Moto is beyond caring about food and drink. All he wants to do is die. He is wishing that he had not been so impetuous in the last few mad minutes before he was captured; that he had saved just one grenade so that he could have held it pressed tight against his belly until it blew him into the company of his celestial ancestors.

Disgraced

This miserable, misguided little Japanese soldier, sitting alone in his wire cage, would be better off, and far happier, dead. As it is he is nothing but a living ghost—an unhappy little yellow man without a country, without a home and without a family.

He can never return to the pink glory of the cherry blossom in foaming bloom; for when the sons of the Emperor commit the indiscretion of being captured alive they are written off as dead.

Private Moto's sallow, raven-haired wife, waiting back in the village he left five years ago, will be told that she is a widow. Only to her there will come, no neat

white box of ashes to weep over and honour, and in time Mrs. Moto will realise that her man did not die, but for ever disgraced himself.

Let's take a closer look at him—this half-starved, five feet nothing specimen of a Jap fighting man. He weighs a bare one hundred and twenty pounds, his skin is filthy and scabrous, and he doesn't look strong enough to punch his way out of a paper bag, but don't be deceived by his frailty or his woe-begone expression.

This little yellow killer, who keeps pressed flowers and a lock of his wife's hair next to a set of pornographic pictures in his wallet, and who comes back from a throat-slitting night patrol to pen mawkish sentimental passages about cherry-blossom time in his diary, is a pathological case.

Never in a million years could we understand him.

Private Moto rises and begins making polite hissing noises when he sees me watching him. He places his hands, palms together, in front of his breast, and bows low in stiff, precise little oriental bows from the waist.

This courtesy is to be taken with a grain of rice. It has the same value as a murderer's handshake.

I know—and Moto knows that I know—that if he could get his hands on a grenade, or a gun, or his razor-edged bayonet, he would do his best to take me with him to Kingdom Come.

When he bares his teeth in a smile it's the smile on the face of the tiger. You can see the

hate welling up through it like bubbles in a bowl of pitch.

For six months now I have been studying at close quarters the Jap soldier your husband, your son, or your sweetheart is up against out here in Burma.

He is a fantastic, unpredictable blend of brute viciousness and sugary sentimentality, childish superstition and crazy fanaticism.

Although he has none of the arrogance of those sour-looking, crop-headed paratroopers of Kesselring's, whom I watched being interrogated at Cassino last year, he fights even more fiercely.

No matter how tough the Hun is, he will walk out with his hands up when he has fired his last cartridge and seen cold steel coming at him. But not the Jap.

He will go in and get him every time.

Private Moto, for instance, had to be forcibly restrained from spitting himself on the point of a bayonet when he was captured. And so we see a hundred dead Japs for every prisoner we take.

Lately, since the Mikado's Burma army has been fleeing in disorder from the ruins of Mandalay, we have been taking more prisoners.

The hard veneer of their morale shows signs of cracking here and there, but this is only because of the incredible hardships and near-starvation they have suffered in their long retreat.

Even the few who do surrender are still convinced that Japan will win the war.

Unscrupulous

Moto, like nine out of ten of his comrades, carries a little diary, in which from day to day he brushes with quick, deft strokes sentimental trivialities that you might expect from a homesick schoolgirl.

"This same big moon is shining over Tokyo," he will write yearningly. Or, "The buds are blooming in Japan. How I wish I was home."

He picks flowers and presses them between the leaves of his diary, and cries himself to sleep

over a lock of his wife's hair. Yet he will spend half his pay on a set of disgusting pictures, or an hour with one of the "comfort girls" who follow the yellow army.

He is a sadistic little torturer, too, and he thinks nothing of leaving his best friend behind on the battlefield without water or morphine to dull the agony of his wounds.

The dead are cremated on petrol soaked funeral pyres, while the rest of the company stand around in their smartest uniforms listening to the commander addressing the dead soldier.

He talks to the body as if it was still alive, praising his heroism and saying what a wonderful thing he has done in getting himself killed.

Then he promotes him—one rank if the engagement was a

small one, two ranks if it was an important battle.

That, with the honour of having his ashes placed in the Yasukuni Shrine, are the Jap soldier's reward for dying for his Emperor. But Private Moto and his friends ask for nothing more.

Their training is the toughest and most brutal in the world. They are slapped and kicked into a kind of gangster-like toughness, and as soon as they have graduated, take delight in beating up new recruits.

Moto is taught to stand to attention while an officer is cuffing him around. If he falls

down he must get up and resume an attitude of rigid attention until the officer tires. Those who cannot make the grade in this school of brutality commit harakiri.

A private's pay is about five shillings a month—that of a full general in the Japanese Army is only £27 a month—but poverty means nothing to Moto. He has never known any other state.

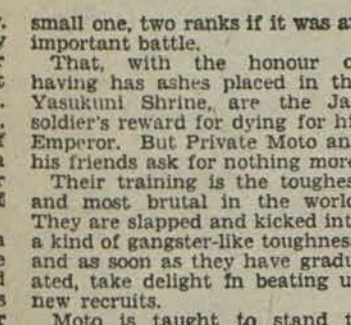
He can live on a handful of rice or a bowl of boiled grass a day—and fight like a tiger cat on this miserable diet, too. He's got plenty of guts, and he's a first-class soldier.

And there he sits behind the wire—a polite, humble little man, who smiles and bows every time he sees you watching him, although all the time he is wishing he was dead.

Don't underestimate him. There are ten million Private Motos, ready to die for the Mikado and the glory of old Japan. He's the "yellow peril" we've talked about for years, and whatever you think of him he's going to take a lot of punishment before he quits.

By A. W. HELLIWELL
(Our Correspondent with the Fourteenth Army in Burma)

WHAT OF TOMORROW?



standing heart, produced a bottle of smelling-salts and a couple of cushions from the staff rest-room, and a few moments later that tired mother and I were sharing a pot of tea, this time for two, and getting to know each other.

She confessed: "I knew I couldn't reach home. It's these shoes; the pain's been awful. They're so tight. You see, they belonged to my younger sister—and I didn't like to wear them at first when she was killed. But—

but with the children to clothe coupons are a nightmare. Still, it was silly of me to wear them this morning."

I said: "But that shopping basket is very heavy?" She smiled, a little less wearily now, as if that brief lapse into uncon-

sciousness had given her new strength. "Heavy? Have you felt it?" I had. It might weigh half a ton to my fingers, unaccustomed as they are to carrying the haphazard mixture of household goods demanded by a family of children.

Packed into that basket, heaven knows how, were twelve pounds of potatoes, a three-pound bag of flour, one two-pound jar of jam, a block of cooking salt, some soap and tins of scouring powder, and three dozen clothes pegs.

Half-jokingly, I said: "If that is a sample of weekly shopping you have surely carried a few tons since 1939!"

She smiled: "I think the average mother of my class ceased to be a pack-horse about a year ago, and became so tired physically and mentally she just didn't know what she was supposed to be! And she didn't think we much cared, at times."

"We had queued and waited, and begged and pleaded our way from shop to shop, and we reached that stage where we could easily have shrieked in futile despair."

"We have been privileged to buy things from shopkeepers who were willing to let us have anything they liked—except courtesy and politeness. And the posters blared orders to us women to save gas, coal, bacon, clothes, money—in fact, everything but ourselves! Yet, all the time, when we knew that today was just one more day of worry and anxiety, women like me knew it was worth putting up with because of Tomorrow. Tomorrow...."

"My Tomorrow is going to be different. I know what I want. I want to be free to go to the fish shop, to the butcher's, the dairy, the ironmonger's, the chemist's, the draper's—and to feel that I'm not asking favours!"

"They say rationing of some foods ought to remain when the war was over. But I look forward to the first washing-day after the last All Clear, when I'll throw all our ration books into the copper fire! And yet.... I don't want some people to have more than enough to eat while others go hungry. If rationing means equal shares all round, I'll be content to agree to it and to keep our ration books. And so will thousands of other mothers like me."

I said: "They've already done something like that in Soviet Russia; they call it proportional feeding. Their food experts have divided the entire nation into four classes: the industrial workers, clerical workers, non-workers, and children under twelve. Each category receives rations according to its future value to the State."

PRIORITY

She said: "And that's a fine idea. But I think the little children should come first, and then the little children that were—the Old Folk—and after them the industrial workers, and so on."

She went on: "But I'll have to be getting back to the kiddies." So purposely forgetting the appointment I had—and I was already nearly an hour late for it—I asked might I be allowed to see her safely home?

From the top of a bus we looked out on the scars, the shattered memories of blitz days. And it made me feel mighty proud to sit by this woman, one of thousands of British mothers who for five years and more carried on in the best traditions of motherhood and womanhood.

My companion shuddered slightly as she spoke: "Yes, I want those things Tomorrow that I told you about. And there are things women like me never want again; we don't want ever to hear the sound of enemy aircraft, or to hear the whine of their bombs, or the sickening thud of the explosions, or the roar of rockets."

"We don't want to listen to our children keeping our spirits up

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"We don't want to listen to our children keeping our spirits up

LIFE'S BIG PROBLEMS

"FOOLISH PRIDE"

By The People's Friend

For the simple reason that you have not the courage to be anything else in the world in which snobbery is the fashion.

BUT what a pathetically silly business it is. And what a lot of unnecessary misery and worry it can cause. I am thinking, more particularly, of the social snobbery of the middle classes, the snobbery of the small town and suburbs. It is there that it is most dangerous, because it can be least afforded. For snobbery is an expensive hobby. It is always tempting its victims to live beyond their means for the shallow satisfaction of impressing their neighbours.

JONES, at "Chez Nous," buys a car and Robinson, next door, runs himself into debt to get one, too. The Smiths have a maid, so the Browns pinch and scrape to keep pace with them.

Mrs. Black glories in her new fur coat until Mrs. White, by frantic juggling with her slender allowance, appears in a later model.

And so it goes on. Everyone living a lie. Everyone pretending to be better off than they are. And why? Simply because they are too proud to admit, "We can't afford it."

Yet why should any man be ashamed of being poor? Was not Jesus of Nazareth one of the poorest and humblest of men?

with their little frightened voices, as they cling close to us for the protection we, as women, are too weak, too helpless, to give them. We don't want to hear the children ask if they can have a little more of this or a bit more of that—and then to tell them they can't!

"We never want to know that sort of fear again. We don't want to live through that nightmare of death in the darkness. We want Freedom. We're entitled to it. But we want that sort of freedom which will give us the right to live our lives as best we can!"

And then the bus halted, and we got out and walked to the end of the street where she lives with her children; we shook hands, and I hurried back to my own everyday world, ready to apologise for failing to keep an appointment which had been made for me.

Only one letter demanded my

urgent attention when I climbed back into harness. "Dear Mr. Peter, I feel that I can call you Peter, as having read your articles for such a long time it seems that I really know you. Please find enclosed note for my ten shillings. Give it to someone who you know would benefit even just a little with such a small sum. But I send it with a Prayer

of Thankfulness that God spared me during the blitz and the rockets so that I might still be able to work for and look after my motherless children."

"God having answered my prayer, I feel sure He will make this ten shillings seem like a fortune to some poor soul who will receive it."

"I haven't the gift of words that you have, but I know you will understand what I mean. Go on writing like you do, as you are surely helping to fashion a Better World by making all of us see further than our own noses, and thereby realising that someone is far worse off than we are."

"If only people would see this their own particular troubles would not assume such huge proportions, and it would help them as it has done me...."

To the writer of this letter—a very good friend who wishes to remain anonymous—I say thank you. And may God bless those motherless kiddies of yours. Joe. If mother was anything like all these other mothers of Britain—and I swear she was—then their loss might have been incalculable had it not been for the benediction of an understanding man.

You know, Joe, it's the Little People, people like you and me and my companion of that tea-shop, who can and who will by our own efforts make Tomorrow—and Tomorrow....

By Peter Forbes

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Shorthand failure becomes

Director's secretary



Miss B..... tried to learn shorthand several times and failed. A friend advised her to try modern, stream-lined Dutton One-Week Shorthand. She worked through theory in 26 hours 50 minutes of fascinating spare-time study; then got up good speed and secured first-rate secretarial job, being specially commended for accurate transcriptions.

Test yourself on the first lesson of DUTTON ONE-WEEK SHORTHAND. We correct it for you free. There is no obligation to continue.

TEAR OFF this ad., write name & address on margin and enclose 4d. in stamps for lesson & full details of postal course. Address to:

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"A NICE PREPARATION TO USE"

"I am writing to let you know how highly I think of your 'Snowfire' Ointment. I have been using it for bruises and other minor skin ailments, and it is not only healing and antiseptic, but is a nice preparation to use. I think that a jar of 'Snowfire' Ointment is an invaluable part of any medicine chest...."

AS THIS and many other unsolicited testimonials show, Snowfire Ointment quickly soothes and erases rashes, pimples, etc. It is a scientific compound which protects the wound from septic infection, repairs damaged tissue, and heals quickly and cleanly.

Snowfire OINTMENT

JARS 1/- (including Purchase Tax)

HERBOLD BRAKE LININGS
Make Motoring Safe

"Lucky To Be Alive!"

By RALPH L. FINN

BEFORE the war I always spoke to him. And though he was blind, he knew me. Every Saturday I'd stop and put a coin or two into his cup and we'd talk for a little while.

I got to like him and he told me many things, things which had, apparently, lain long secreted in his heart.

He had been blind since birth. He did not know what light and shade, white and black, rainbow or parti-coloured were. In fact, he did not know what any single colour was.

Many of the time I've tried to explain to him what colour was; but he could only grasp my explanations by translating them into terms of touch.

And we finally finished up with his idea of red as a soft, yielding, juicy thing—I had said a tomato was red, and he had jumped at it. "Sure," he said; "I know—I know—I know. And now, what's green?"

And I had put my tie into his thin, translucent, china-blue hands, where the veins stood out like lumps of knotted cord, and he had stroked it softly and murmured: "So that's green, that's green. Why, it's easy. Why did no one ever tell me before?"

Contented

I never had the heart to disillusion him about his wonderful discovery. His tactile sense was highly developed, and it was natural that, unless he should depend to such an extent upon his other senses that they were in a far higher state of receptivity than are the hearing, the smelling, the touching, the taken-for-granted senses of normal men.

He used to sell matches. That was, as I've said, before the war. When matches were scarce he sold pins. And when they disappeared under the magic formula, shop supply he sold brooches and regimental favours.

"I'm not a beggar," Mr. Finn. I give value for money, I do."

He was proud of that. "I'm glad he was proud. It showed he had guts."

I learned that he lived alone in a small room in Bermondsey, that he was forty-odd, that he could read Braille, that he had many friends and that, strange as it may seem, he was thoroughly contented and absolutely in love with life.

Never having had eyes he just did not know what they were. At times he was puzzled. "Why," he would ask me, "do you people with eyes talk so much about seeing? What is seeing, anyhow?"

He was puzzled, but he was not envious or discontented, and he certainly was not unhappy.

"Hullo," I'd say to him; or

sometimes just stand there and wait. And he'd listen awhile and then say: "Well, good morning. And how is The World's Greatest Writer this morning?"

It was his special greeting. He called me that, or for short, T.W.G.W., which, he said, with his nice sense of humour, was only a parody on the film of the day which was being seen by thousands.

He had been to—I nearly said "see"—hear it. It was a good film, he said. He told me all about it. He hadn't missed anything.

He could even describe the actors in it, basing his description on the quality, the timbre (timbre, as he called it) of their voices. And it was uncanny how close to their actual appearance he got.

The only thing he didn't attempt to describe was colour. And of course, you can understand why.

He got by. It was his favourite phrase. "I get by." I'll say he did.

I suppose I saw him regularly every Saturday for 12 years. And when the blitz of 1940 came he was still in his corner by the bank near Holborn. Know him? I thought you might.

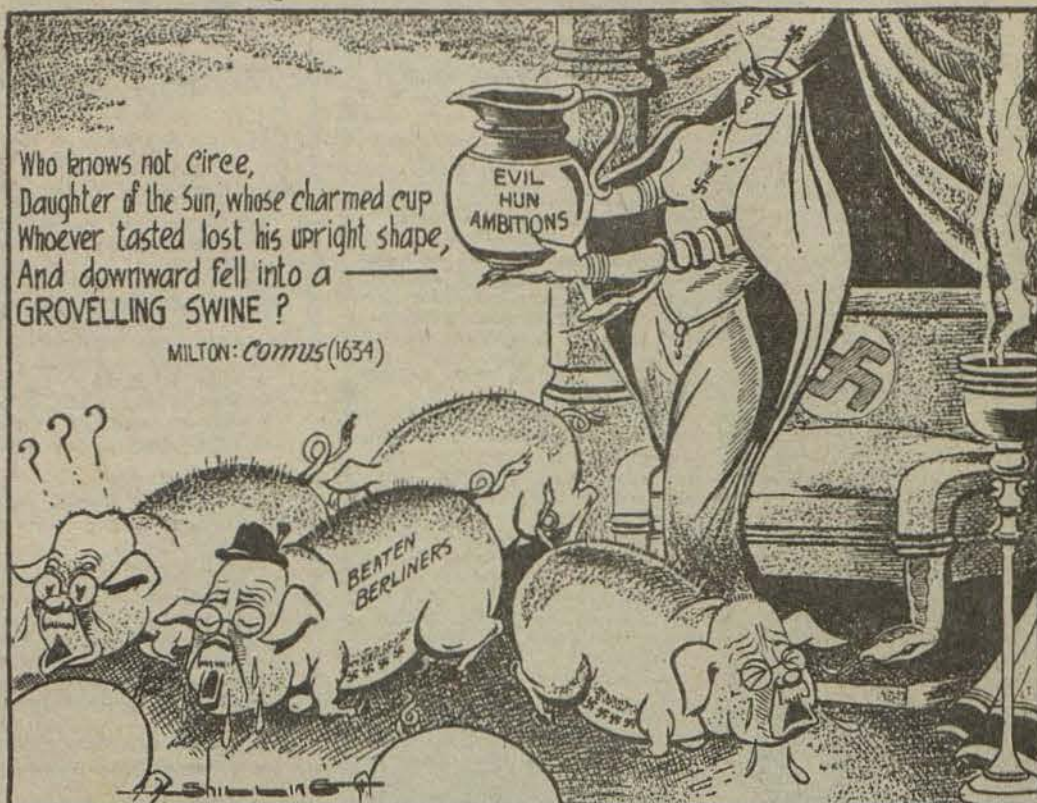
"Man o' the People" writes on things that matter to you & me.

IN the lurid glow of burning German cities the Nazi madmen are plotting the cremation of ordered society. They are not content to see Germany made desolate; it is their deliberate aim to reduce half Europe to famine and despair. They want to sabotage our victory by leaving the Continent ruined beyond repair. And they are planning to sow the barren fields with the dragon's teeth of another and more dreadful war.

What is to be done with these homicidal maniacs and their docile dupes? Readers are asking this question in moods which vary from anger to sheer bewilderment. Anger is the natural reaction, but there is reason for bewilderment, too. The acts of a madman are unaccountable, but it is astonishing that Hitler's special gang of lunatics can still dominate what is left of sanity in the Third Reich.

The sheep-like obedience of the average German to constituted authority is beyond the understanding of free men. But the Allies will have to reckon with it, and they may be able to turn it to some advantage.

Clearly, however, the only thing to do with the Hitlerite fanatics is to hunt them down patiently and without remorse.



NO faith should be put in the word of any German who has been fighting against us and readers of this paper have been warned repeatedly to beware the Junkers lest they should cheat us yet.

Nevertheless, the regular army officers in Germany have more common-sense than the Party men. They know when the game is up, and many of them much prefer surrender to death.

One of this type, Brigadier-General Kirscheim, fresh caught in the American Ninth Army's net, has gone so far as to broadcast a surrender appeal to Field-Marshal Keitel, Chief of the German High Command.

Kirscheim tried to persuade Keitel that "in the present situation no German soldier can feel himself bound by his oath of allegiance."

"Those who are still in doubt," he added, "may be persuaded by the news of the Buchenwald and Gaudeloven camps."

"So far the German army and the German people are not guilty of these murders. No German army general knew anything about them."

"Whoever continues to obey the orders of a German High Command to prolong this war must, therefore, assume the guilt for further senseless destruction and for these murders."

The passage quoted in italics deserves special note. For the suggestion that the abominations

of the torture camps were committed by the Nazis alone and that the German people and army knew nothing of them is exactly what was to be expected.

THE Allies cannot afford to let the German nation shrug its collective guilt off its shoulders by any specious plea of ignorance. Admittedly, Hitler and his gang were chiefly to blame for the unspeakable crimes committed in the name of National Socialism.

But many German officers and men must have been the accomplices of the Nazi torturers and there is no shadow of doubt that vast numbers of the civilian population knew what was going on and made no move to stop it.

So far few Germans, even among those who have been forced to inspect the torture camps in all their naked horror, have felt themselves ashamed. And it may be that there can be no re-education of Germany until this sense of shame is brought home to the nation.

"Man o' the People" might gain some cheap popularity if he were to join the extremists, who are clamouring for wholesale vengeance upon a guilty race.

He prefers, however, to support the calmer and wiser judgment of the leaders of the United Nations, who are resolved to mete out justice, but also pledged to abide by their own code of decent conduct.

This justice needs to be rigid.

LET'S TALK IT OVER

swift and public. But, after the convicted felons have been punished, the less guilty and simple working masses should be left to work out their own salvation under the strict supervision of the Allied armies of occupation.

GERMANY as a whole is actually doomed to a worse punishment than the United Nations had ever contemplated for her. Where they had intended to restrict her industries, the Nazis have blotted them out.

Where they had hoped to restore law and order and a simple working economy, Hitler's thugs have broken down the last dykes of their own "new order."

In Holland, where the Nazis have literally breached the sea walls and flooded huge tracts of fertile land with bitter water, there are at this moment some three and a half million innocent men and women doomed to starvation unless the Allies can bring them food in time.

Here is another frightful Nazi crime against humanity, a crime which would shock us to the heart were it not almost lost to sight amid the seas of the enemy's iniquities.

For hunger, if not actual famine, prevails in every country which has been trampled beneath the German jackboot, and Hitler's countless victims include millions who have never borne arms against him.

IT has always passed my understanding that society should hold the individual murderer strictly to account, while accepting wholesale massacre as an act of war.

The United Nations have now warned the enemy that they will seek out and punish each individual German citizen who ill-uses an Allied prisoner of war.

gates from Washington, has sufficiently stressed its tremendous and essential purpose.

"This conference," he said, "will devote its energies and its labours exclusively to the single problem of setting up the essential organisation to keep the peace."

"We must not continue to sacrifice the flower of our youth merely to check madmen—those who in every age plan world domination."

"While the great States have a special responsibility to enforce the peace, their responsibility is based upon the obligations of all States, large and small, not to use force in international relations except in defence of law."

Will the Free Peoples accept their responsibility and face their obligations in the spirit of honest comradeship and fair play by which alone happiness and prosperity can be restored to mankind?

No man can yet be certain, but every person of good heart and sound understanding must support his own country in its efforts to achieve the common purpose.

ON the home front we can look out of nights from lighted windows in the morning to join our respective queues for buses or rations, newspapers or what-have-you-not.

Though the Chancellor of the Exchequer cannot see his way at present to make general tax concessions, he holds out hope of some relief next year.

Meanwhile Sir John Anderson has given a pat on the back to John Citizen, warning him at the same time that "a high degree of discipline and restraint will still be required from him" for several years to come.

We deserve the pat and we can take the warning. Having disciplined and restrained ourselves pretty thoroughly since 1939, we shall doubtless be willing to stand some more lean, or leanish years, provided we are given good value for the money we don't spend.

To date no other combatant nation has put up a better economic show than we have done. For we have actually paid more than half the ruinous cost of this war out of income!

That is a magnificent achievement, but our leaders must now be careful to fight public waste more determinedly than they have ever fought it yet, and also, as soon as this can be done without harm to our friends abroad, to give us a progressive improvement in our standard of living.

THE deplorable fuel situation does not suggest that the Government is tackling its domestic problems with half the zeal it has shown in the conduct of the war.

Mr. Churchill may be right to tell us the worst. He may even be right to put through the painful and unpopular measures of increasing the price of coal and coke by 3s. 6d. a ton next Tuesday.

But his Government has been utterly wrong to allow our chief industry to fall into such a sorry state. Nothing will convince the writer that it need have done so. Every step which was taken to meet the foreseeable fuel shortage was too little and too late.

When Major Lloyd George remarked bluntly in answer to a question in the House: "This increase will bring the price of coal to 50 per cent. above pre-war level, which compares very favourably with prices generally," he was shirking the real issue.

The real issue is that we shall have to go short of fuel again all through this year and pay more

for what little we get. And the public grievance is that the trouble in the coalfields has never been tackled with courage, honesty or common-sense.

Mr. Will Lawther, the miners' leader, has put forward a temporary plan which deserves immediate consideration. He proposes that the Government and the owners should meet the men's representatives forthwith to discuss ways to increase production at once.

He also advocates the immediate release from the Forces of the ex-miners willing to return to the pits and a substantial increase in the ration for all the men who win our precious coal.

Now that, it seems to me, is the right way to start on a job if you mean business. Long-term planning is all very well and final schemes have finally to be adopted. But we ordinary folk want more coal and more houses, more clothing, more furniture and more of almost everything just as soon as possible. And if we are kept waiting too long, while politicians talk and vested interests obstruct, the Government may have to reckon with "a spot of bother" even from our highly disciplined and self-restrained community.

SECRET SERVICE NEWS

LIBERATED Dutchmen, both from Europe and East Indies, are rapidly building up a sizeable army in Australia for service against Japs.

On completion of Frisco conference, United Nations will give top priority to problems of mandates and colonies. Warning has been issued solution will not be easy.

UNRRA will shortly announce a master plan for European relief which has been approved by leading Allied economists and transportation chiefs.

Coming into the limelight again soon—Mussolini. He has been moving from town to town in north Italy, so far unable to find real security. Allied announcements shortly.

U.S.A. economists estimate cost to Germany of suicidal Nazi resistance since Rhine and Oder crossings: material damage exceeds £10,000,000,000 and will take 75 years to return to normal.

Biggest behind-the-scenes factor for increased co-operation and continued unity among Big Three in Frisco is Field Marshal Smuts. Conference calls him "No. 1 peace influence."

TENSION between Nazi leaders in Norway and the generals in command there has become acute. Latter want to surrender when Reich collapses, insist resistance is suicide.

Swiss have invited 200,000 children from Nazi-ravaged countries to recuperate in Alpine resorts. Plan covers next five years and may be enlarged.

Allies have caught several Nazi industrialists disguised as prisoners with faked papers. They are part of specialised group pledged to sabotage.

Empire statesmen at present in San Francisco are also getting together on a large scale immigration policy giving priority to Britain.

WELL suited for tropical conditions, 15,000 specialist Italian workers are going to the Far East for dockyard work for the British Government.

Practically all Latin-America has now established diplomatic relations with Moscow. Exchange trade boards are being established.

Evidence is being collected and will show that Hun "revenge" in Holland since Montgomery's offensive exceeded the brutalities of Belsen and Dachau.

IT SEEMS TO ME

They Must Not Escape!

AT BUCHENWALD CONCENTRATION CAMP, NEAR WEIMAR IN GERMANY, NIGH ON 7,000 PRISONERS FROM DIFFERENT NATIONS DIED LAST JANUARY ALONE FROM STARVATION, TORTURE, HANGING AND SHOOTING.

In all, since the war began, several tens of thousands of opponents of Hitlerism have perished miserably while, outside the wire, well-fed Germans lived comfortably, careless of the agonies suffered within.

So, you may say, in a vague sort of way, the German people must be made to pay. They are a callous, cruel, horrible crowd, who deserve the worst that can come to them.

And—I grant you—they make up as sullen and pliable a mass of humanity as ever is likely to exist. They produce a bigger proportion of thugs than does any nation. They hell any foul "fuehrer" who forces himself into power.

But what made them so? Was it some unique property of the German soil, some absence or excess of food calories in German vegetation, some biological feature peculiar to the Fatherland?

Perhaps. Scientific research of the future may discover that Reich soil between the Rhine and the Danube has somehow through the ages become poisoned. But I doubt it.

No. The great influence which has been brought to bear upon them has been a personal one. It has come from a long and dirty sequence of rotten "betters."

What, say, of Dr. Gustav Krupp von Bohlen and Halbach, the industrialist who has engaged for 40 years the infamous Essen armaments firm and contrived ways to improve his balance sheet?

What of Nazi Prince August Wilhelm of Hohenzollern?

Will all these All-highests be brought to the criminal dock? You who are keen on the "German people" taking their rightful rap will find that they will not, unless the voice of protest is continually heard.

Consider the present position of Emmanuel, Badoglio, and of various Mediterranean Fascist devils and you will guess correctly if you foresee them finishing their careers in honoured seclusion in Italy, France, Spain, Sweden, Switzerland, Cornwall or the Scottish Highlands.

The German folk-fodder, great unthinking herds of them, fell for it all. When austere arrogants demanded, they goose-stepped.

They and their children were educated into servility at home and later into ruthlessness everywhere. And, mostly, they loved it.

The German people have gone through a systematic process of degradation carried through by self-appointed leaders.

Both people and leaders are responsible for Buchenwald and the horrible rest, but the leaders who make up the Nazi, industrial, and Junker hierarchy are the chief and worst criminals. They were the TEACHERS.

Who will be brought to justice? Hitler, Himmler, and such villains of the cruder kind—like oberfuehrers of concentration hell-holes and squalid Gestapo chiefs—will likely be violently eliminated.

By Philosopher

BUT what of the smooth, cunning and less obvious beasts? What of rat von Papen, who is allowed to loiter in a car when he is caught and to ask nonchalantly: "Where do we go from here?"—instead of being marched along the road with his hands in the air, alongside the remainder of his herrenvolk?

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KIA-ORA looks forward!

Meantime there is an acute shortage of bottles for war-time soft drinks. Will you please return your empties to your retailer?

"About Opening that Bank Account—I really think I ought. For one thing, when I get cheques I shan't have to find someone to cash them... and what a help to pay my own bills by a little bit."

Let Lloyds Bank look after it

SEE THE MANAGER OF YOUR LOCAL BRANCH

The Smiling Lady with the lovely hair

IS AVRIL ANGERS...

...the charming actress now appearing in Leslie Henson's "Guineas."

She says—

"I OWE A GREAT DEAL TO EVAN WILLIAMS SHAMPOO FOR KEEPING MY HAIR ALWAYS IN SUCH PERFECT CONDITION."

EVAN WILLIAMS shampoo 6 D.M.C. TAX

CIGARETTE PAPERS By The Lounger

WHEN you've stopped ducks from swimming you can try to alter human nature just a little bit.

TODAY'S PROVERBS

Life is a boat where all must sail. In fine or stormy weather; Each man may catch a crab sometimes. But we all must pull together.

LITTLE ALFIE ON "ICE-CREAM CONTROL"

Oh cheerful music's good to hear and never said I scorn it. The lushest tune I ever heard was on an ice-cream cornet!

TEN-SECOND TEASERS

1. Town in Germany; German "Manchester"?
2. Health resort in Gloucestershire; mineral springs; racing?
3. English philosopher; father of modern philosophy; creative scientist?
4. English poet; "Poet of Man"; vigorous character sketches?
5. Kind of belt; variety of box; type of paper?
6. Badge; worn on the arm; eight letters?
7. Plot; device; seven letters?
8. Aukward; clumsy; tactless; unsmooth; six letters?
9. Kind of pin; sort of plate; type of bone?
10. Purrid; loathsome kind of croak?
11. Explet; cast out; get rid of; nine letters?
12. Auctioneer's term; Bible character; condition in life?

(Answers in Page Six)

POSER:

A AND B, who have turned out their pockets, are comparing their cash in hand. A says to B: "If you give me 10d., we shall be all square." B replies: "Yes, but if you give me 10d. I shall have twice as much as you." How much has each of them?

DID YOU KNOW—

RAREST of eye defects is total colour blindness?

George I. King of England, could not speak English?

London, city and port in Canada, is on the banks of a River Thames and in a county of Middlesex?

The Army term "furlough" comes from the Dutch word for leave, or "verlof" (permission)?

Power of the average lightning flash is estimated at 1,000,000,000 h.p.?

Mexicans brew a potent liquor from the honey of ants?

In the 16th century anti-tobacco societies were formed because some people held the belief that smoking encouraged intemperance?

Answer to last Sunday's poser: The two fractions are 3/4 and 1/4.

Come on David!

YOU wouldn't think to look at him now that there was a time when they almost gave him up. Like so many babies he couldn't digest his food. Then someone suggested Nestlé's Milk and from the first feed he came on famously.

Nestlé's milk is rich, full cream country milk. Nature's own perfect food, specially prepared to make it digestible by the most delicate baby.

RICHEST IN CREAM Nestlé's Milk

HOUSING ENTERPRISE

One of the nation's tasks is to apportion its resources to the best advantage. On this basis public policy after the war should be so devised that all who desire to purchase houses for their own occupation can do so as soon as practicable. The building of good houses will be ready to play their part; so will the Abbey National and other building societies. Thus may free enterprise make a worthy contribution equally with public effort.

ABBAY NATIONAL BUILDING SOCIETY

Head Office: Abbey House, Baker Street, London, N.W.1
Chief City Office: National House, Moorgate, E.C.2

Nazis Have A New Whine Now

"ALREADY friends and agents outside Germany of the Nazis are trying to sow dissension among the Big Three through denominational religious emotions and are drawing pictures of Continent-wide famine and disease 'if 60,000,000 Germans are not allowed to concentrate on growing the food to feed themselves and rebuild at least their minimum requirements in transport and industry.'"

GUERRILLA WARFARE WILL NOT LAST LONG

BERLIN, Bremen and the Allied link-up mark the practical closure of the overall military strategy on which the Big Three have based their victory plans. On the Nazis own admissions the possibilities of serious and continued resistance in the so-called central redoubt can be considerably discounted.

In fact, even if Nazi inspired reports of a chain of underground strongholds are true, the RAF have shown that it took only a bare two minutes to dislocate the nerve-centre of them all at Berchtesgaden.

To my mind it seems almost axiomatic that, with all strategic targets demolished, the Allied air forces can be relied on to seal off any hidden lairs with little, if any, trouble.

As for the question of continued guerrilla warfare, Patton's army is already pressing on the redoubt from the west, the Russians are bearing down from east and north, and the last Reichswehr front in Italy has relapsed into the soft under-belly of the European fortress, which Mr. Churchill once called it.

IN these circumstances, and after the incredibly complete hammering inflicted on the whole Reich, I cannot see any prolonged resistance by guerrillas. It is significant, in point of fact, that in spite of Goebbels' werewolf threats, there has been no sign of guerrilla warfare behind any of the Allied lines.

But if the mightiest clash of arms in history is ending, the aftermath remains. There is first the immediate sequel to be considered—the clearing of the battlefields.

I have dealt with the situation from the human element angle in the last week or two and told how the Nazis are trying to exploit it to cheat us yet.

In this their hopes have already been shattered by the exposures of the brutalities of Belzen and Buchenwald.

But they still have many cards to play in this underground game of international poker. A good example of their cunning is the manner in which their propaganda has built up the battle of Berlin for home consumption.

It is beside the point whether Hitler is there or not, whether he is killed there or not. What the Nazis are trying to do is to create a new legend of the "Niebelungen" class in Wagner's "Sieg-

the true reason behind the so-called "suicide" tactics of the Nazis.

It is bitterly ironic to think that few, if any, of their leaders are dying the death they have ordained for their dupes.

Here are details of one or two of the Nazi schemes.

DESPITE the revelation of the horrors of their concentration camps, they still hope for leniency from the Allies. First, they will "using the lead" on grounds of common humanity.

Already their friends and agents abroad who are trying to sow dissension among the Big Three through denominational religious emotions are drawing pictures of Continent-wide famine and disease "if 60,000,000 Germans are not allowed to concentrate on growing the food to feed themselves and rebuild at least their minimum requirements in transport and industry."

They are plugging this theme to avoid having to repair the ravages they have caused elsewhere. They have begun the issue of whining threats that otherwise the Allies will have to feed them.

If we are caught out on this single issue, if we show the least sign of weakness or false humanitarianism we may well lose the peace in a few years.

Another trick is an old one which we should certainly know how to handle—currency inflation. Nazi financiers, themselves well placed for real assets, have begun exchange manipulations.

Even in Spain price is quoted for the Reichsmark. They hope that by another spell of inflation mania they will get back the gold bullion we captured either as a stabilisation guarantee or through international loans.

HOUSING BOMB MAY EXPLODE

DEMAND for a Housing Minister with Cabinet rank to deal with "a housing problem that may explode and hurt people" was made at the concluding session of the Scottish Trade Union Congress at Aberdeen yesterday.

The resolution also expressed complete dissatisfaction with the Government housing programme for Scotland, and declared it to be utterly inadequate.

Greater national assistance should be given local authorities, and loans made at a rate not exceeding two per cent, as a step towards ensuring the letting of houses at rents the people could afford, it urged.

Mr. J. Stanley (Constructional Engineers) declared that the housing issue, if not adequately dealt with, could, and he believed should, drive any Government out of office.

"We have a Ministry of Works, but, owing to its attitude, it has been re-christened the 'Ministry of Twerps.'"

Congratulations To You!

"THE PEOPLE" has pleasure in offering congratulations to the following readers on the occasion of their wedding anniversaries:

DIAMOND—Mr. and Mrs. A. Cockings, Carlisle; Mr. and Mrs. G. Garrard, Ouisnam.

GOLDEN—Mr. and Mrs. Dorman, Peterborough; Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Dunlop, Marlborough; Mr. and Mrs. O. Finnin, Liverpool.

RUBY—Mr. and Mrs. Q. Bentley, Rainton-on-Dore; Mr. and Mrs. Butterworth, Radcliffe; Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Seaford, Fosse.

PEARL—Mr. and Mrs. W. Buckle, Leeds; Mr. and Mrs. O. Walker, Hull.

SILVER—Mr. and Mrs. C. Frost, Hull; Mr. and Mrs. B. Gray, Howden; Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Jones, Blackpool; Mr. and Mrs. W. Linberg, Cullinstown; Mr. and Mrs. K. J. Moxford, Middlebri; Mr. and Mrs. W. Perry, Wallall; Mr. and Mrs. Rhodes, Rochdale.

ALSO—Mr. and Mrs. J. Myer, Stafford (64 years wed); Mr. and Mrs. W. Powell, Edinburgh (54 years); Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Miller, Whitby (53 years); Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Blaine, and Mr. and Mrs. E. Rensley, Hants (52 years); Mr. and Mrs. W. Sherwin, Hants (49 years); Mr. and Mrs. T. Wainhall, Whitchurch (39 years).

DEMAND EXCEEDS SUPPLY



Captain David Walters, M.B.E., R.A., of Streatley-on-Thames, Berks, recently home from a P.O.W. camp, finds he has a little weight to make up.

P.O.W. Camp To Racecourse

GORDON ROLL WINS £2,400

GORDON ROLL turned up in battledress at Windsor yesterday for his first race meeting since he came back from Germany, where he had been a prisoner of war for over five years.

Blind And Handless Hero Weds

BLINDED and seriously wounded in North Africa in 1942, Sapper David Bell, of Edinburgh, was yesterday married to 21-years-old Sybil Irene Page, of Shrewsbury.

They first met at a St. Dunstan's dance. When they left St. Alkmund Church, Shrewsbury, the bells rang merrily and Sapper Bell smiled for the photographers.

Despite his severe disabilities—he lost both hands as well as being blinded—Sapper Bell has learned to type, to play the trombone and ride a tandem bicycle.

His courage and pluck so impressed Field-Marshal Smuts who saw him at Cape Town that he presented him with a silver badge.

Now For The Battle Of The Bands

BANDSMEN from eight counties in North-Western England and North Wales will compete for handsome trophies and generous cash prizes at Belle Vue, Manchester, on June 9.

This contest, which is sponsored by the "Daily Herald," is part of the great national brass band tournament.

Winners of the area championships will be invited to participate in the national festival at the Albert Hall, London, on October 6.

Schedules and application forms have already been distributed to bands in the North-Western England and North Wales area, and further information can be obtained by intending entrants from Frank Parker, Area Organiser, Belle Vue, Manchester, 12.

CIVIL SERVICE POST-WAR PLAN ANGRERS RANKERS

"Don't Save The Best Jobs For Officers"

DOUBLE RATIONS FOR THEM

MERCHANT SEAMEN who have been interned in Germany will be repatriated in the same way as members of the Armed Forces, the Ministry of Transport announced yesterday.

It is hoped to send all fit officers and men home within 72 hours of their arrival at a reception camp in this country.

They will be given railway warrants for the journey and the leave will be for a period of from one to two months, according to the time they have been interned.

The food ration books will entitle the holders to purchase double current civilian scale of rationed food supplies for the first six weeks of leave.

It will not be possible for relatives to meet the repatriates on arrival or to visit them at the reception camp.

Five-Minute Break Every Hour

It was common knowledge that a worker could not do a job continuously in the manner of a machine without a falling off in output, declared Mr. Jean Fontaine, a factory inspector, when he spoke to the London branch of the Federation of Clothing Designers and Production Managers yesterday.

"An unbroken spell of 4½ hours work is generally too long," Mr. Fontaine said, "and it has been found that a mid-morning and afternoon break greatly helps in maintaining output."

"In monotonous work a five minutes break each hour has been found to be the better arrangement."

TOUGH, MIGHTY TOUGH "ON THE ROAD"

IF you want to live to a ripe old age the recipe seems to be—become a commercial traveller.

Many of these knights of the road are active at eighty and even over ninety, while there are at least 500 "youngsters" of 70 still going the rounds.

These facts have come to light in the search for Britain's oldest traveller to take part in the centenary celebrations of the Royal Commercial Travellers' Schools.

Exeter at present holds the lead with Mr. S. J. Taylor, who is 99, and although retired, is still an active member of the local branch of the United Commercial Travellers' Association.

Miners Ask For More Holidays

Demands for two weeks' holiday with pay, in addition to Bank Holidays and a five-shift week with six days' pay, are to be voiced at the Mineworkers' National Conference at Blackpool in June. There is also a call for a pensions scheme.

"SMALL" SAVINGS DOWN

"Small" savings last week totalled £11,492,128 against £12,837,330, the previous week. Savings certificates brought in £4,092,911 and Defence Bonds £1,803,390. There was an increase of £2,556,719 in the balance due to depositors in the P.O. and Trustee Savings banks.

Crossword Winners

CROSSWORD No. 352.—The Adjudication Committee decided that the most meritorious answers on one square were those sent by: Mr. B. Ashton, South Downs-rd., Hale; Mr. H. Booth, Bishopscote, Rochdale; Mrs. H. E. Cox, Hollies-ave., West Byfleet; Mrs. E. Dodd, Whitchurch-lane, Edgware; Mr. W. Goddard, Birmingham-rd., Wylde Green, Sutton Coldfield; Mrs. B. Holmes, Pinewood-ave., Sevenoaks; Mrs. I. Mann, Portersfield-rd., Aberdeen; Mr. K. Rajasantharam, Naburn-st., Manchester; and Mrs. T. Roach, King George-ave., Bourne-mouth, who each submitted a square which differed at one point only from the committee's finding.

Subject to the terms and conditions of the competition, these nine competitors share the £750 first prize and a cheque for £83 6s. 8d. will be sent to each; 120 competitors share the £250 runners-up prize and each will receive £2 1s. 8d. and a special surprise award of particular value to war-time workers. Winning answers:—

ACROSS.—2, Smiler; 3, Bight; 8, Fast; 9, Pig; 11, Gore; 12, Fetter; 14, Staff; 17, Home; 18, Red.

DOWN.—1, Bile; 4, Danger; 5, Betters; 6, Dab; 7, Pig; 10, Bore; 13, Decay; 15, Feet; 16, Shy.

Turn to Page Seven for the clues and entry form for another grand Crossword offer in which £1,000 must be won.

A Danger That He Dodged

Husbands In Court ONCE a Cupid's arrow did come in my direction, but I dodged it.

When my wife asked me why I persisted in treating so many other men, I reminded her of the adage: "A fool and his money are soon parted."

Looks are deceptive. I may look a fool, but I don't feel one.

I am fortunate in my mother-in-law; she is both deaf and dumb.

And Wives WHEN I married my husband said he would make a lady of me, but I am still an ordinary woman.

The only evidence I have that my husband has expectations is that he is always saying he will be a wealthy man when his ship comes home.

I have a husband in a thousand, maybe a million. Whenever I ask him to let me have £1 he says: "That's not enough," and gives me £2.

LONDON-N ZEALAND AIR RECORD

A Lancaster high speed mail plane of B.O.A.C. has set up a new record for civil aircraft by flying to Auckland, New Zealand, from Britain, a distance of 13,860 statute miles, in 53 hours 13 minutes flying time.

ADVERTISERS' ANNOUNCEMENTS

Midnight Heroine of a Day Dream

Dreams of romance that never came true! Then... heroine in a true love story! And it all happened when she found the secret of a lovely, flawless complexion. It was... Poudre Tokalon.



Choose your Poudre Tokalon shade from Apricot, Natural, Peach, Rose Peach, Brandy and Ruby.

How marvellously natural Poudre Tokalon looks, as it clings skin-tight for long, glamorous hours. How smooth, flawless and free from patches Poudre Tokalon keeps the complexion. That's because Poudre Tokalon contains Mousse of Cream... the ingredient that keeps powder on hours longer and hides shiny nose.

FOR LONGER-LASTING LOVELINESS

IT TAKES INDUSTRIES TO WIN THE WAR—THAT'S WHY SUNBEAM BICYCLES ARE SCARCE!

New Sunbeam Bicycles are few and far between, these days, because the fine steel from which they are made now goes into British weapons of war. But when peace-time again gives free rein to craftsmanship, Sunbeam Bicycles, still the finest machines skilled hands can build, will be readily available once more.



HONESTLY—A BETTER BICYCLE

SUNBEAM CYCLES LTD BIRMINGHAM 11

The Sunbeam Post-war Motor Cycle is something which thousands of anxious, eagerly anticipating. It will be well worth waiting for!

SUNBEAM CYCLES LTD BIRMINGHAM 11

Craven 'A'

FOR YOUR THROAT'S SAKE

10-12-20-24

CARRERAS 150 YEARS' REPUTATION FOR QUALITY

10-12-20-24

10-12-20-24

10-12-20-24

10-12-20-24

10-12-20-24

10-12-20-24

10-12-20-24

ADVERTISERS' ANNOUNCEMENTS

Do people love to see you smile?

the answer's on the tip of your tongue

Use Pepsodent. Then feel with your tongue how its super-cleaning ltrium has flushed stain-collecting film clean away.

7½d. and 1/3. Pepsodent Tooth Paste 1/3 and 2/3

EKCO RADIO EQUIPMENT

has been used in most types of aircraft including the

LANCASTER HALIFAX

FLYING Fortress TEMPEST

TYPHOON SPITFIRE MOSQUITO

BEAUFIGHTER SUNDERLAND

FOR GOOD SOUP

INSIST ON MARMITE AND YOU'LL GET IT

In Jars: 2 oz. 6d., 3 oz. 10d., 4 oz. 1/6, 8 oz. 2/6, 16 oz. 4/6, from all Grocers & Chemists.

LITTLE OLGA



Scrambled Eggs



Cventry C.....	2	1	2	2	Wrexham.....	1	0	3	West Ham.....	1	2	3
Crewe A.....	2	1	0	6	Morton.....	1	2	2	Wolves.....	1	0	1
Crystal Palace..	2	2	1	0	Motherwell....	4	5	2	Wrexham.....	2	1	3
Darlington.....	0	2	4	0	Newcastle.....	3	6	1	York City.....	0	0	4
Derby C.....	2	2	1	1	Northampton..	2	2	2				

"People" Reporter Sees Horrors Of Belsen

'FOR GOD'S SAKE LET THE BRITISH KNOW'

From EVADNE PRICE, "The People's" Special Correspondent

Holland, Saturday.

I HAVE seen this myself. I have just returned from a visit to the slave labour camp at Belsen newly-liberated by the British. My clothes are still reeking with the odour of dead bodies and I feel it will never leave my nostrils.

A few days ago a British colonel showed me pictures of the atrocities in Belsen. Frankly I thought they were faked. He said: "Will you go and see for yourself?"

So I went to Belsen to see for myself. I am the first woman reporter to visit this atrocity camp, as well as the first English-speaking woman. What I have seen defies descriptive writing. Therefore, I shall not attempt a word picture, but content myself with putting the plain facts before the readers of "The People" and let them judge for themselves.

I arrived at Belsen with my conducting officer, Captain W. J. Clayton, of Walsall, and Driver Shipman, R.A.S.C. They dusted us all with D.D.T. powder before we entered. Typhus is raging and the germ is carried by the bite of an insect.

We toured the camp in a car, as it extends for many acres. The adjutant of the camp said to the driver: "If you see groups of people mauling in your way don't blow your horn. Just wait. They may die of shock, they are so weak."

I said in all innocence: "I suppose those lying about are too ill to walk?" And the adjutant answered grimly: "They are probably dead. We shan't know until the evening. If they are alive they will crawl back to their huts. If they don't, they will be collected and buried tomorrow."

He spoke casually. He had grown accustomed to horror. But I had my first big shock. I looked at the piles of rags lying

cried too much, for instance. Then they were thrown callously on to this human scrapheap.

The overseers of the women were female members of the SS. I interviewed the head one, Elizabeth Volkenrath, a Bavarian, in her cell, where she awaits trial.

She is a blonde of 25 with hard eyes like cold marbles, and she has been groomed for cruelty as a film aspirant is groomed for stardom.

I asked her: "Are you not ashamed of these dreadful things you have done?"

And she answered defiantly: "I have done nothing to be ashamed of."

Another SS female guard was asked by a mother for milk for her sick child. She gave permission and sent the mother away for the milk and when the mother returned it was to find her baby burning in an open wood fire.

Every woman was branded on the arm or else tattooed with an identification number.

There were hundreds of them lying about, too ill to move, asleep with glassy eyes wide open—impossible to know whether they still lived.

We passed a colossal pile of shoes. They told me these were the shoes of all those who had died there. There must have been at least 100,000 pairs. A lot had been burned for fuel in the bitter weather when the prisoners could steal them.

MURDERED COMMANDO
We had a few British prisoners in Belsen, fortunately only five or six.

A British Royal Marine Commando had "British Bandit" printed on him. He was forced to walk hour after hour in a small circle with a 42-lb. weight on his back. But they couldn't break that gallant lad's spirit. Every night when he returned to his hut he would add up his mileage and he had circled 8,200 kilometres before they murdered him.

They have his murderer now awaiting trial. If our British boys could get at that murderer there would be no trial, I assure you.

The adjutant asked me hesitatingly: "Do you want to see an open grave?" This was the photograph I had said was faked, the picture that had brought me to Belsen.

I followed the adjutant. My conducting officer asked me: "Can you stand it?"

I answered: "I've got to." Driver Shipman asked to come and was given permission. We walked across a bare space and unexpectedly came to an immense pit. I shall never forget to my dying day the horror that met my eyes.

Hundreds of naked corpses, piled one on top of the other in grotesque death poses, had been as big as a man's fist. Some were beaten.

I asked questions of the armed guard. He was told that the pile was at least 15ft. deep, that there had been six open graves like this, but they were being filled in.

The sergeant said: "Those men working straightening out the corpses are the SS guards who killed and tortured them. I wish I could do something more than keep them on their toes working," he added.

They had made the SS women work sorting out the bodies at first. Why they had stopped he didn't know. The women were too tired to do the work.

They were leveling the bodies so that they could be covered decently with six feet of earth.

The sergeant said to me as I went, and you've heard it many times, but it is true: "The only good German is a dead one."

His last word to me was: "If you can make the British people know what these fiends have been up to over here, miss, for God's sake do it."

I wish I could.

"Worse Than Battlefield"
New York, Saturday.
MR. JULIUS ROSENBERG, general manager of the "New York Times," said today in a dispatch from Buchenwald that "what I have seen here is worse than any battlefield."

He declared that "the story of Buchenwald has been told but it cannot be told too often to the people of the world."

"The corpses of Buchenwald should remind us of what the loss of human freedom entails."

Prisoners Must Repair Ruin
It will be a black V-Day for more than two million Nazi prisoners in this country and in France and Germany.

Any visions they may have of a speedy return to their native land when hostilities end will be rudely shattered.

Countless thousands will have to stay in Britain quite a long time to repair the damage caused by V-bombs and rockets to British homes.

The surplus not needed by Britain will be sent to Allied countries devastated by German occupation, there to work hard and long.

Some of the prisoners will have to work on British farms so that Britons may still eat while sending food to the former occupied countries.

There will be no slave labour, but they will have to work hard for little pay.

Thus will the Nazis who gloated over the destruction of British towns and cities get a taste of their own medicine.

Plans for this great labour scheme are now being worked out by Government departments.



Here is the most historic picture of the war—members of the Russian and American armies meet at last.

Germans In Italy Cut In Two

5th Army Reach Swiss Frontier

SPEARHEADS of the American Fifth Army, driving north at breakneck speed, yesterday reached the Swiss frontier at Como and thus cut in two the German forces in Italy.

Men of The Little Ships Are Freed

MORE than 3,000 of the men who manned Britain's "Little Ships," Merchant Seamen and Royal Navy personnel, have been liberated from the prisoners of war camp at Westerbork, south-west of Zeven, by the Guards' Armoured Division.

A young R.N. lieutenant who was captured at St. Nazaire hoisted the White Ensign over the camp after one hundred German guards, who had handed over the administration of the camp to its inmates, were captured.

Some senior British Naval prisoners were transferred just before the camp was overrun.

The Guards Division had previously refused to accept German terms in a proposed truce for the surrender of the camp.

Two days ago, the German commandant sought to arrange a truce so that the prisoners could be evacuated to our lines, a condition being that the truce should last ten hours. This was not acceptable to the Guards Division, however, since it was known the Germans were playing for time.

More mines have been encountered west of Zeven than at any time since the Rhine crossing.

Conditions in the camp have been reported as "fair" despite the cut in rations and the inability to deliver Red Cross parcels since the Allies cut all German communications—Reuter and A.P.

Here the Germans have put in their last reserves to help to sustain the paratroopers and panzers, their object being to delay as long as possible our approach to the Brenner Pass and the north-west route into Austria.

The only part of the front where the enemy are putting up real resistance, however, is north of the Adige River. Making their final stand on the strong Venetian line, the Germans are fighting desperately to hold back General McCree's Eighth Army.

Here the Germans have put in their last reserves to help to sustain the paratroopers and panzers, their object being to delay as long as possible our approach to the Brenner Pass and the north-west route into Austria.

Yesterday it was revealed that the force which broke through the Argenta Gap to unhinge the whole German line was the British Sixth Armoured Division.

They were the first British troops to reach the River Po.

Jack Frost Strikes At Fruit Blossom
Severe damage to fruit blossom is feared in Leicestershire from Friday night's sharp frost. A ground frost warning for most parts of the British Isles had been issued by the Air Ministry.

Frost was also reported from the South Shetlands district.

ALLIED SUPPLY SECRETS REVEALED

Lend-Lease Saved Thousands Of Men

LEND-LEASE saved thousands of British lives in the crossing of the Rhine, the Ministry of Production revealed yesterday, lifting the veil on some secrets of Allied supplies.

TIED TO SINKING SHIP!

DESTROYERS of the East Indies Fleet recently destroyed a Japanese ship and its escort in the Andaman Sea.

And this is what watchers on the warships saw as the enemy ships went down:—

Fanatical Japanese sailors firing their guns when their shell-riddled ship was lying on her side.

A man lashed to the mast to make certain he went down with his ship.

A survivor hammering with a live shell on the hull of one of our warships.

Others cutting their throats or shooting dead to prevent capture.

According to a S.E.A.C. communiqué one of the supply ships in the convoy was stopped by gunfire from destroyers and sunk by bombs from Liberator aircraft.

Another supply ship and one of the escorting submarine-chasers were sunk by gunfire. The remaining submarine-chaser was sunk by torpedo.

The convoy was taking probably more than six months' supply of food to a Japanese base.

Chief Petty Officer H. G. King, of Lambeth, London, said: "After the sinking of the first merchantman, the enemy escorts turned away. With another destroyer, we concentrated on the smaller supply ship."

"I could see our fire going dead into her. She caught alight and I saw two Japs drop over the stern."

"We left her to be finished off by one of our sister ships while we went after the escort vessels."

"HAW HAW" WAS INTERPRETER
CORPORAL PETER BROGAN, of St. Helens, Lancs, was specially "honoured" while a prisoner in Germany.

Lord "Haw Haw" (otherwise William Joyce, traitor, acted as interpreter when Brogan was tried by Court Martial at Torgau and sentenced to twelve months jail for sabotage at the Holmschau court-martial, where he was employed.

"My pal Joseph Collins was sentenced to death," said Brogan after his return from three years of exile yesterday.

"While I was in jail, Dr. Carl Lambert and five other priests were shot for preaching sermons which the Germans said favoured the Allies."

"After what I have been through, it makes my blood boil when I hear people say the Germans are 'nice people.'"

HELPING HAND FOR SAILORS
Grants amounting to £25,330 were made to 82 Marine Benevolent Institutions by the King George's Fund for sailors during 1944.

RADIO HOME SERVICE

7.0 a.m.—Big Ben: News, 7.30—Gramophone, 7.45—Wallace Shipyard Band, 8.15—Gramophone, 9.0—Time: News, 9.30—Morning Service, 10.15—Bach, 10.30—Orchestra, 11.0—Music-Lovers', 11.30—Gramophone, 12.0 noon—Scottish Orchestra, 12.30 p.m.—Time: News.

Week's Films, 1.0—Time: News, 1.15—Russian Commentary, 1.30—Gramophone, 1.45—You Garden, 2.30—Christian News and Commentary, 2.45—The Trial of Lady Alice Lyle, 3.30—Orchestra, 3.45—News in Welsh, 3.55—Hymn-singing in Welsh, 4.30—All the Year, 4.45—Time: News, 4.55—The Wheels of Chance, by H. G. Wells, 5.0—Big Ben: Minute of Reflection, 5.30—Professional Portrait, The Child: An Impression of Highland Gamekeeper's Life, 5.45—Griller Quartet, 6.00—The Epilogue, 6.15—Late Night Special, 6.30—Saxophone Quartet, 11.30—Violin Concerto, 12.0—midnight—12.30 a.m.—Time: News.

GENERAL FORCES
6.30 a.m.—News, 6.45—Gramophone, 7.0—News, 7.15—Record Album, 8.0—News, 8.15—Orchestra, 9.0—News Headlines, 9.30—Messages from Overseas, 10.15—For Isolated Units, 10.30—Midnight in Welsh, 11.15—Messages from Overseas, 11.30—Calling, 11.45—Calling, 11.55—Canadian, 12.0 noon—News Headlines, 12.15 p.m.—At the Commentator: Row 11, 12.30—Religious Service, from St. Matthew Moorfields, Bristol, 1.0—News, 1.15—Gramophone, 1.30—American Band of the A.E.F., 2.0—News Headlines, B.B.C. Orchestra, 2.30—Baring Trust, 2.45—Thank You For Your Letters, 3.0—News Headlines, Radio Newcastle, 4.15—Music Parade, 5.0—News, 5.15—Books, 5.30—Orchestra, 5.45—Variety Band-Box, 6.0—News, 6.15—Parliamentary Summary, 6.30—Time, 6.45—World News and Home News from Britain, followed at 8.15 by Home News from Canada, 8.30—Albert Bandier and Palm Court Orchestra, 10.0—Sunday Half-hour, followed by the Epilogue, 10.30—Reverie, 10.55—News Headlines and Close Down.

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Expert military opinion is that the crossing would have taken weeks instead of days were it not for American amphibious Buffaloes.

The Buffaloes, originally produced by the U.S.A. for Pacific operations, can carry a 75-pounder anti-tank gun or 25-pounder field gun, and were one of the main reasons why the Rhine crossing did not develop into the major battle for which all preparations had been made, so quick was the build-up they made possible.

In the flooded parts of the Reichswald and in Holland, the Buffaloes have substantially nullified the effects of strategic flooding. They have even fought pitched "naval battles" against isolated German machine gun posts.

In the final build-up in February-March, 1945, 200 Buffaloes were shipped direct from the U.S.A. to the British forces. Within 10 weeks of leaving the factory they were crossing the Rhine.

Once across the flooded areas and waterways and as long as resistance points were liquidated, the only limit to the speed of advance of Marshal Montgomery's forces was the speed and mileage which his tanks could maintain.

Possibly the largest single factor in their swift deployment over the plains of Northern Germany today is the tank transporter.

Some are built in the United Kingdom, but a very important Lend-Lease contribution has been the Diamond T transporter from the United States.

Lend-Lease Diamond T's brought up to the Rhine all the heavy material and landing-craft required for the crossing, including naval landing-craft.

From September to the end of December 1944, Diamond T's carried 5,500 tanks and large quantities of ammunition.

The Sherman tank is the mainstay of all Allied armour. Two-thirds of the armoured divisions of the British 21st Army Group are equipped entirely with Sherman tanks supplied under Lend-Lease.

Many of these Shermans have been converted in Britain to mount the British 17-pounder anti-tank gun, one of the best tank-destroying guns in existence, SMOKE

For various reasons, a large part of the smoke equipment used by the British armies in America is supplied under Lend-Lease.

When the advance started from the north, which eventually crossed the Rhine at Zanten, an immense moving smoke-screen covered completely the Canadian forces clearing upwards along the river. In this operation alone, the smoke generators burned over 500,000 gallons of American gas-oil.

Largest-ever smoke front laid down in any military deployment, however, was that from Nijmegen over the Rhine to Duisburg when 9th U.S. Army came under Field Marshal Montgomery's command.

This smoke front was 66 miles long.

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